Dorothy Can a weake empty veſſell beare ſuch a huge full hogſhead? theres a whole marchãts venture of Burdeux ſtuffe in him, you haue not ſeene a hulke better ſtuft in the hold. Come, ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, Antient piſtol's belowe, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol Hang him ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouthd ſt rogue in England.

hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I muſt liue among my neighbours, Ile no ſwaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no ſwaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue ſwaggering now, ſhut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou heare hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. Pray ye pacifie your ſelfe ſir Iohn, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, ſir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient ſwaggrer comes not in my doores : I was before maiſter Tiſicke the debuty tother day, & (as he ſaid to me) twas no longer ago than wedſday laſt, I good faith neighbor Quickely, ſayes he, maiſter Dumbe our miniſter was by then, neighbor Quickly (ſaies he) receiue thoſe that are ciuil, for (ſaide he) you are in an ill name: now a ſaide ſo, I can tell whereupon. For (ſaies he) you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what gheſts you receiue, receiue (ſaies he) no ſwaggering companions: there comes none here: you would bleſſe you to heare what he ſaid: no, Ile no ſwaggrers.

Faiſt. Hees no ſwaggrer hoſteſſe, a tame cheter yfaith, you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance, call him vp Drawer.

Hoſt. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe,

houſe, nor no cheter, but I do not loue ſwagering b
I am the worſe when one ſaies ſwagger: feele maiſ
ſhake, looke you, I warrant you.

Tereſh. So you do hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twe
leaſe, I cannot abide ſwaggrers.

Enter antient Piſtol, and Bardolfes boy.

Piſtol God ſaue you ſir Iohn.

Fal. Welcome ancient Piſtoll, heere Piſtoll, I
with a cuppe of ſacke, do you diſcharge vpon mine

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her ſir Iohn, with tw

Fal. ſhe is piſtoll proofe: ſir, you ſhall not hard
her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullet
no more than will do me good, for no mans pleaſur

Piſt. Then, to you miſtris Dorothy, I will charg

Doro. Charge me? I ſcorne you, ſcuruy compan
you poore baſe raſcally cheting lacke-linnen mate?
mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maiſter.

Piſt. I know you miſtris Dorothy.

Doro. Away you cutpurſe raſcall, you filthy bou
by this wine Ile thruſt my knife in your mouldie cha
you play the ſawcie cuttle with me. Away you bot
call, you basket hilt ſtale iuggler, you. Since wh
you ſir: Gods light, with two points on your ſhould

Piſt. God let me not liue, but I will murther you
this.

ſir Iohn No more Piſtol, I would not haue you go
diſcharge your ſelfe of our company, Piſtoll.

Hoſt. No, good captaine Piſtoll, not here, ſweete

Doro. Captain, thou abhominable damnd chete
not aſhamed to be called Captaine? and Captaines w
mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking th
vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a capta
ſlaue, for what? for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in
houſe: hee a captaine! hang him rogue, he liues vpon